

Chapter 96 Make It Public

It was clear to Sabrina that Tyrone was referring to Galilea.

Tyrone turned around and spotted Sabrina descending the stairs with clothes in her hands. He instructed, "Take them to the room and let Karen handle them."

"No worries." Sabrina sent the dirty clothes off to the laundry room located on the ground floor.

Karen had procured the ingredients for making pasta.

"I'll cook." Tyrone took them over.

Perceiving Tyrone's initiative to cook, likely to impress Sabrina, Karen said nothing and passed the ingredients to him.

Soon after, Tyrone disappeared into the kitchen and reappeared sporting an apron.

Sitting on the sofa, Sabrina found herself stealing extra glances at him.

Upon returning home, he removed his coat, revealing a gray shirt underneath with two buttons undone, giving him a slightly casual appearance. His sleeves were rolled up, exposing his muscular forearms, while he retained his suit pants.

Dressed in the attire of a professional, but donning an apron, he looked somewhat adorable.

Catching her glance, Tyrone asked, "What's the matter?" Shaking her head, Sabrina replied, "Nothing."

With that, Tyrone retreated back to the kitchen.

A short while later, Tyrone emerged from the kitchen, balancing two plates of perfectly plated spaghetti, garnished with a side of vegetable salad, macaroni, and shrimp, all looking remarkably appetizing.

Taking her place across the table from Tyrone, Sabrina prepared to dine.

"Care to taste it?" Tyrone put his apron aside.

Casting a glance his way, Sabrina selected a shrimp and savored its delicious taste.

Positioned opposite her, Tyrone confessed, "I haven't been in the kitchen in quite a while."

"Do you not usually cook for Galilea?" Sabrina questioned him, her eyebrows arched.

"Rarely. Only once."

"Alright." Sabrina continued her meal, eyes focused on her plate.

Observing her cold demeanor, Tyrone inquired, "What's the matter? Don't you trust me?"

"I have no spy cameras at her place, so how could I know?"

Tyrone sidestepped the topic, proposing instead, "How about I prepare a meal for you once every week?"

Because of his busy work, he couldn't commit to cooking daily.

"Your work is the priority." Sabrina regarded him with a complex expression.

Tyrone didn't respond, but he made his decision.

After the meal, Karen took over the kitchen cleanup.

"Do you want to take a walk and digest?" Tyrone proposed.

"Sounds good," Sabrina agreed.

Together, they walked out of the house, their shoulders brushing against each other. They took a casual walk down the cobbled pathway, engaging in light-hearted conversation.

Tyrone took her hand. "I'll be on a business trip to New York soon. I'll depart on the 30th of September. Would you care to accompany me?"

As for Tyrone, overseas business trips were a quite common.

This was why Sabrina never questioned his yearly business trips every July.

As far as Sabrina was concerned, her work schedule didn't permit any upcoming international travel.

"I've got some work that needs my attention. I might not have the free time."

For the higher-ups, it was typical to be preoccupied with work, even during holidays.

"You can leave it to others."

Sabrina felt that wasn't quite right. "It's not really prudent to shift all my responsibilities to my staff, is it?"

Sabrina had endured much previously due to Tyrone's bias towards Galilea at work.

Now that she was the object of his favoritism, she turned it down.

It dawned on her then that it wasn't the favoritism that she minded, but the disparity in Tyrone's treatment.

"It's not a big deal."

Since the boss himself had suggested so, Sabrina agreed. "Alright."

During their walk, Tyrone received two phone calls.

One was from a business partner, and the other was from Eddie.

"Missed Galilea's birthday because of work commitments. Did she mention anything about me?" Eddie asked with a smile on the phone.

The query made Tyrone wince slightly. He stole a glance at Sabrina. Eddie was starting to irritate him. "Why don't you give her a call yourself?"

Sabrina moved ahead slowly, never bothering to glance sideways.

Tyrone wasn't sure if she could hear Eddie's voice through the phone.

"Were you there with her? I heard the party today was quite extravagant and meticulously organized. Did Sabrina have any idea about it? She would certainly create a commotion if she knew."

Ignoring Eddie's comments, Tyrone interjected, "Anything else you want?"

A pause followed before Eddie queried, "Tyrone, do you plan to keep up this charade indefinitely?"

Eddie was referring to Tyrone's marriage to Sabrina and his affair with Galilea.

Without waiting for a response, Eddie carried on, "I used to think you'd remain alone forever. But then you met Galilea and things changed. She's sweet and kind, a gem really. Everyone was envious. I've seen the highs and lows of your relationship. I'm not privy to why you two broke up, but a second chance like this is rare. Cherish it."

His words insinuated a suggestion for Tyrone to divorce Sabrina and rekindle his romance with Galilea.

If Tyrone and Galilea were together again, didn't that mean they were still in love? So why not part ways with Sabrina and marry Galilea? Sabrina was not from a noble family.

Tyrone might have felt taken advantage of by Galilea before, but that was understandable. After all, Tyrone was married, leading to Galilea feeling insecure.

As an observer to their love story, Eddie wished they would revive their romance.

"If that's all, I'm hanging up," Tyrone declared.

Realizing Tyrone was unwilling to discuss the matter further, Eddie swiftly changed the subject.

Tyrone had urged him to apologize to Sabrina. Eddie was

calling to fix a time to do so.

"Hmm... I need to apologize to Sabrina," Eddie admitted.

"I'll check with her."

Tyrone turned to Sabrina, gripping her hand softly.

"Eddie wishes to apologize for his comments the other night."

The memory of that night still haunted Sabrina.

The events played on loop in her mind whenever she awoke in the night.

Seeing Sabrina's silence, Tyrone was about to decline.

But she squeezed his hand and said, "Tomorrow night, perhaps?"

"Only if you're comfortable with it." Tyrone looked at Sabrina intently.

"I'm not forcing myself." Sabrina's voice was firm.

Tyrone and Eddie were friends for many years, and their relationship wouldn't be ruined because of her.

She was fully aware of her position. If not for Tyrone, Eddie would never bother to apologize to her.

As Tyrone's wife, it would put him in a difficult position if they were to become enemies.

Seizing this opportunity to reconcile and make peace with each other would be beneficial for both of them.

Comforting her with a gentle rub on her hand, Tyrone informed Eddie, "Meet us at the club tomorrow night."

"Alright."

"Make sure to invite Tyson and the others."

At this, Sabrina lifted her eyebrows slightly.

Eddie was set to apologize, but Tyrone wanted the rest of their friends present.

Was he planning to let everyone know about their situation?

Eddie was taken aback. "Invite everyone? But..."

Eddie had a hunch Tyrone was planning to announce his marriage to Sabrina publicly.

In essence, he had no intentions of divorcing Sabrina.

What about Galilea then? Did he want her to be the mistress forever?

